

This is part one I originally didnt want to make this two parts, but if it was only 1 part then it wouldve been 3000+ words and idk bout yall but i hate reading really loong chapters absbwhsh

"Thank you for saving me, these stories were all discovered in my house, thankfully there was surprisingly no one here which was strange but I am grateful for "and for everything, our breif time together felt like a vacation"

Though we werent really close before, I have honestly grown quite found of him, he was like a breath of fresh air from the current chaos that was going on in my life.

"No worries, I quite enjoyed it even if you were stubborn in the beginning" he grinned "are you sure you want to go home, you are free to stay with me, or if your uncomfortable I could take you to a hotel"

"Thank you for the offer but I think its best if I go home, its about time I have a talk with my husband" I began as I stared out the window, looking toward the place I once called home "and begin to pack up my things"

"A er that where will you go?"

I sighed out, dreading this part the realization where I have to go home "The only place I can go, back home"

"Ahh, and so the Princesses run back to her palace" he joked, smirking at me, I rolled my eyes playfully, smiling at his remark, he has been calling me princess ever since last night, and it only dawned on me right now

"Why do you call me princess" I asked

"Cause you are" he laughed out in reply, saying it as if it was a matter of fact, raising a brow at him confused not really sure what he meant by that, how was I a princess

He noticed my confusion and as if reading my mind replied "your parents Timothy and Jane Maine? you guys own beaches, ports, fishing I believe, they call your dad 'the king of the ocean'" he said using air quotes "Private schools, drivers, designer clothes hell maybe even designer pacifiers, you've been so sheltered like a princess"

I couldnt help but be stunned, how did he know that about, even if the info he had was wrong, it kinda hurt that he thought that way about me, was I really seen as the girl who had everything given and handed to her?

I was a bit hurt by his words

"They are my aunt and uncle, they are like my parents, but my birth parents died in a car accident, and I didnt grow up in a luxury mansion or penthouse, I grew up in a small two bedroom house, in Seattle" I corrected, sternly "yes I have been blessed, but that doesnt make me a princesses, and like your the one to talk Mr. Millionaire"

He was taken back from my comment "Im sorry I didnt know"

"Cause you didnt ask" "but forget about it, clearly you prefer listening to rumors and stories then to actually know the person"

"I didnt-"

"Thank you for driving me home Mr. "

When I entered the house I was greeted with the vast variety of photos of me and Noah, times from our mini adventures before we were wed, some snippets of candid photos, and photos from our wedding day, my mind took me back to those days, recalling myself a blubbering mess, I was so excited, I was in awe that I was finally getting married to the man that swept me o my feet, now 2 years later a er that blissful joyful day the storm came in, a storm that drowned me, that we couldn't survive

I was drawn away from my thoughts when voices could be heard coming from the dining room, I hesitantly walked toward the voices, only to be shocked by the a bunch of people in suits seated at the table, and at the head was a person I could never forget "Uncle Timothy?" Stunned, and surprised to see him here, in my house more specifically

"Hey kiddo" he gleefully greeted "I was wondering where you were, at first I though you were o bringing hell fire down upon your husband, but according to the gossip you were with his mistress? The girl who claims to be the mother of his unborn child?" He said ba led, I could tell he was surprised by the gossip and didnt want to believeit until he was sure

"No need to be so dramatic uncle"

"I think its very refreshing given the circumstances"

me and Timothy had a good relationship, he was always kind to me and treated me like a daughter even though I knew he never wanted kids, which is probably why they didn't adopt any kids, or got a surrogate before, or a er I entered their lives but when I came into the picture he welcomed me into his home with open arms, which I will be forever grateful for, maybe it was because I was his little sisters daughter and piece he had of her, but nonetheless they took me in gave me everything I needed and more,

Lucas was right about the private schools and maybe even being sheltered, though they only did it to protect me, but wrong about being spoiled rotten, Timothy and Jane thought me how to work hard, discipline and patience

"Did you come alone" I asked referring to my aunt who I havent seen yet, I do hope she was here, I have missed her dearly

"Can you not see the dozens of lawyers I brought, to make sure you get everything from the divorce"

"I meant Aunt Jane" I say carefully "and who said I am getting a divorce" my eyes sewrchong the room for her

He stopped what he was doing, tiled his head to the side, looking at me, crossed eyes, with his lips in a straight line "Dont make me throw you into the pool, cause clearly you need a wake up call, if your not gonna get a divorce"

Yes I was getting a divorce I just wanted to contradict him, I smiled playfully, Only he could make me smile at times like these, how I have missed living with them

"Where is Aunt Jane" I said going back to my first question, shaking my head at his retort sometimes Uncle Timothy had no filter, and didnt care what he said

"Val" a voice called from behide me

"Aunt Jane" I said joyfully, rushing towards her open arms, I didnt waste any time hugging her, my arms wrapped around her tightly fearing if I let go she would disappear "What are you doing you guys doing here, in my house?"

My aunt Jane treated me like her own since she couldn't have her own kids she loved and cared for me like I was her own blood, she was like a second mother to me, practically raised me, taught me how to be a lady, we were very close and I knew she loved me like I was her own child,

"Why do you seem so surprised love, you didnt actually think we would let you face the sharks all on your own now did you?" Tears began to fill my eyes as my aunt spoke, I was very happy that they are here

"I wanna just go on record and say I never liked him, and Ive been waiting for him to fuck up so that I can rearrange his face" he saying blantly, with no remorse

I gasp "Timothy" my aunt scolded, noticing the shock and fear that was obvious on my face, I was hurt by Noah, by that didnt mean I would wish pain upon to him

"What? Most likely he will look better anyways, meaning I would be doing him a favor"

Before me or Aunt Jane could retort, the door open, my eyes instantly meet with Noah's, and he wasnt alone, behind him I saw his parents Nolan and Faye who I have grown quite assuse with, and a unknown man carrying a brief, who I could only assume is there lawyer

It was then where I took in his apperance, he looked like he hadnt slept, red pu y eyes, 4 o'clock shadow, ru led clothes and he reeked of alcohol, he looked like a tragic mess to say the least, unlike his parents who carried worried expressions, but were just elegantly as always, by seeing him, my aunt and uncle his parents and the lawyers, the realization and reality starting to sink in, our end has began